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Slap-up Lodgings

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THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE.

Printed and Sold by H. SUCH, Newsvendor.
177, Union Street, Borough, London.

HAWKERS SUPPLIED.

THIS of a fair young damsel who in London did dwell,
For wit and for beauty none could her excel,
To her master and her mistress she serv'd seven years,
And what followed after you quickly shall hear.

She put her box upon her head and trudged it along,
The first that she met was a strong and able man ;
He says, my pretty fair maid, where are you going this
way ?

I'll show you a nearer road across the country

He took her by the hand, and he led her down a lane,
He says, my pretty fair maid, I mean to tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without either fear or strife,
Or else this very moment I'll take away your life.

The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow,
Saying, where shall I wander, or where shall I go ?
And while this young fellow was feeling for his knife,
This beautiful young damsel she took away his life.

She put her box upon her head and ganged along,
And the next that she met was a noble gentleman ;
He says, my pretty fair maid, where are you going so late ?
Or what was that noise that I heard at yonder gate ?

That box upon your head to yourself does not belong,
To your master or your mistress you have done some-
thing wrong,

To your master or your mistress you have done some ill,
For one moment from trembling you cannot stand still.

This box upon my head to myself it does belong,
To my master or my mistress I have done nothing wrong,
To my master or my mistress I have done nothing ill,
But I fear in my heart it's a man I have killed.

He demanded my money but I soon let him know,
And when he took his knife I proved his overthrow :
She took him by the hand, and she led him to the place,
Where this noble young fellow lay bleeding on his face.

This gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got,
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some shot,
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,
With a knife and a whistle some robbers for to call.

He put the whistle to his lips and blew both loud and
shrill, [hill,
When four young able fellows came tripping o'er the
The gentleman shot one of them and that most speedily,
And this beautiful young damsel she shot the other three.

So now my pretty fair maid for what you now have done
I'll make you my charming bride before it is long ;
I'll make you my lawful bride, love, before it is long,
For taking of your own part, and firing off your gun.

Slap-up LODGINGS.



WHEN first to town I came and at the railway
landed,
By a fat old dame, a card to me was handed ;
Says she, I'd have you know my name is Mrs. Podgings,
I live down this back row, and I let out slap up
lodgings.

We quickly did agree, together we did roam there,
Says she, young man, make free, you'll shortly be at
home here :

The servant wink'd at me, and so did Mother Podgings,
Thinks I, I'll have a spree, now I've got slap up
lodgings.

I'd scarce put out the light when there was such a
slaughter, [daughter ;
With two chaps who'd a right to court the youngest
The women did murder cry, they knock'd down Mother
Podgings, [lodgings.
And they broke a lodger's thigh, first night in my new

Just as the clock struck one, and morning was advancing,
They each and every one like madmen fell a dancing,
But when the chimes went three, they all with Mother
Shout through the key-hole to me— [Podgings,
Spoken.—Hoy, hoy, old to-ra-laddie, old flummon-
difuz, how do you like your lodgings ?

I then turned round in bed thinking to have some quiet,
When two chaps in the next room said that I made the
riot ;

They pull'd me out of bed, as my name is Peter Hodgings,
And they shov'd a thing on my head, they use in slap-
up lodgings.

I little thought, oh dear, they'd got no fellow feeling,
When there came, slap bang, in my mouth, a brick
from the ceiling ;

I then down stairs did creep, and said to Mother Podging,
I cannot get any sleep, and d—me if I pay for my
lodgings.

I'd scarce got in the street, out of this here sad house,
When two policemen collar'd me for being in a bad house
Six months upon the mill, with ups and downs and
dodgings,

I served against my will thro' being in slap-up lodgings.